

Video Games

orphan_account

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Summary:

Prequel to 'My Funny Valentine.'

It's a heatwave in Derry and you're in a nostalgic mood. You also want to cool down but things get hot pretty quick when Pennywise turns up to play with you.

1990 Pennywise/Reader. Established relationship.

Video Games

Author's Note:

- For [Mualhani](#), [Beastlybfs](#), [DJSpidersGeorg](#).

Hey. Me again. Just casually filling the orphan account with clown dick.

I'm currently working on a sequel to my first fic, 'My Funny Valentine', which will feature more double clown penetration, courtesy of 90s!Pennywise and 2017!Pennywise.

But for now, here is a prequel one-shot, in which you and Daddy Penny enjoy a lazy afternoon fuckfest. Same universe and characterisations as in the previous fic - established Pennywise/Reader relationship and strange domestic bliss abound! 90s! Penny, but you can imagine 2017!Penny if you want, seeing as he's not in this one and I know how much you all like him. 'Reader' likes him too - he'll be back in the sequel.

Enjoy, my fiends.

Recommended playlist for this piece of trash:

Carousel ~ Melanie Martinez
Happy Meal ~ Marina and the Diamonds
Heroin ~ Velvet Underground
Landfill ~ Daughter
Rude Boy ~ Rihanna
Blood Sport ~ Raleigh Ritchie
Right Kind of Wrong ~ LeAnn Rimes
Pretty When You Cry ~ VAST
Only You ~ Ellie Goulding
Gods and Monsters ~ Lana del Rey
Cola {Pussy} ~ Lana del Rey
Serial Killer ~ Lana del Rey

Queen of the Gas Station ~ Lana del Rey
And, of course:

Video Games ~ Lana del Rey
Shit, just anything by Lana, guys.

'Swinging in the backyard
Pull up in your fast car
Whistling my name

Open up a beer
And you say get over here
And play a video game...'

It's too damn hot.

August 17th, 1984, and the stench of the Derry landfill is ripe.

The town should smell like this all the time.

Forever.

Because it's a stinking trash town, a town with no hope, and you hate it.

You're in the woods, alone but for bird song and the hum of winged insects. The long grass tickles your bare feet, your bare legs, and you can feel the sweat gathering at your nape, beneath the heaviness of your loose hair. Trickling down, along your spine, to pool around the small of your back and into the cleft of your ass, warm and wet.

It makes you think of *other* things.

Inappropriate things.

It's this damned heat wave, driving you insane. Making everyone in town act a little crazy. Crazier than usual, anyway. The sun has been relentless for almost three weeks now, the air close and sticky. You've spent most of your free time out here, in the woods, away from the crawling humidity of town. The steady reek from the landfill is more pungent out here, but you can smell it anywhere in Derry, even in

your own yard, because all the trash is rotting in the heat and no one is doing anything about it. The air is thick with it.

I hate this place.

You've come to this realisation over the last year, but you suspect that you've always felt this way; in fact, you suspect that *everyone* feels this way, only they don't know it. You had gently probed your father for answers, when you were helping him paint the garage last week, but he had only shrugged, looking mildly uncomfortable.

It's just the way it is, here in Derry.

Bad things happen, to bad people, and to good people. Disaster after disaster, death after death, but things stay the same in Derry. Kids go missing, in scores over the years, but nothing is done about it; the cops plaster the town with missing posters, but it seems like a hollow gesture. Buildings are torched. People are beaten up, raped, and murdered, at a statistically incredible rate, for a small town.

And no one leaves.

Well, *some* people leave; a handful of intrepid souls, escaping Derry's grimy claws.

I wish I could leave.

But you know you can't, for any number of reasons. Your entire family is here, and your friends. You have a job and a home. You have a cat.

And there's Pennywise to consider, above all else.

Even if you could leave the rest behind, you know that he would never let you leave Derry.

He'd kill you first.

You pause, your calves aching from the exertion of the long trek through the woods, reaching into your pack for a bottle of water. You have walked the long way, past the landfill and the old Ironworks, in a futile attempt to clear your head. It hasn't worked, and now you're

tired and irritable, dripping with sweat beneath the late afternoon sun.

Still, you've almost reached the trailer now, and you know that the small refrigerator inside is stocked with ice-cold beer. You smile at the thought, shrugging your pack over your shoulder, and continue along the rough trail, deeper into the woods.

After a few minutes, you emerge into a familiar clearing, and you can see the rusty old trailer in the distance, just beyond the treeline ahead. As you approach the 'old homestead', as Penny sneeringly calls the trailer, something catches your attention. Something dark and bulky, swaying gently within the trees, at the periphery of your vision.

You turn your head sharply, expecting the worst, and then you *laugh*, your body tingling with nervous energy.

A tire swing.

Some kids must have put it up earlier this afternoon. It hadn't been here when you had come over yesterday, after work.

It was summer vacation and most of the local kids had nothing better to do than hang around, in town, or in the woods. You knew this from experience; Derry wasn't exactly a hotspot for entertainment. There was the arcade, and the Paramount, the diner and a few dive bars. Everyone knew everyone's business in Derry; no chance of blagging your way into one of the bars, as a brash teenager, not when the guys behind the bar knew your parents and your age. Your teenage summers had been spent hanging around the arcade and taking in a few movies at the Paramount, or else swiping a couple of beers from your father, which you would drink out here, in the woods with your friends. Someone would inevitably produce a much coveted packet of cigarettes and your little group would wander through the Barrens and the woods, laughing and joking, pooling your contraband down to the last dregs of beer.

You walk over to the tree, smiling to yourself, trying to remember the last time you played on a tire swing. Or any kind of swing. You gently push the tire, watching it sway back and forth, the tree limb

creaking rhythmically. It's a nostalgic sound, bringing to mind summers long since passed.

Only yesterday, Pennywise been complaining about the sudden volume of kids and teens loafing around the trailer. His objections had surprised you, knowing his predilection for flesh.

"You're complaining about too many kids? *You?* Geez, Penny, you *eat* kids."

The clown had rolled his eyes, "So what? Doesn't mean I want the little shits mooching around my front yard. I'm not *always* hungry, y'know."

Could have fooled me.

There's no sign of him now, and you guess that he's probably out hunting, but that's not something you want to think about; it's bad enough that you're fucking an entity from another dimension, without dwelling upon the fact that he is also a child-eating monster.

To distract yourself from thoughts of Penny and his bad habits, you push the tire swing again, reaching up to grasp the thick rope that moors the tire to the heavy branch above. The rasping coarseness of the rope feels good upon your skin. It feels solid, *real*, and you find yourself gripped by a sudden whim; a childish desire to climb the tree, to run barefoot through the Barrens, to splash through the streams and pick through the landfill, like in the old days.

You remember exploring the abandoned house on Neibolt Street with friends, as a Halloween dare. Derry's very own haunted house, complete with cobwebs and antique furniture under voluminous dustsheets. It had been fun, at the time, but you shiver at the memory now, despite the cloying heat of the afternoon. People said the place was haunted, but all you had found was shadows and spiders, and the bottles and blankets left by some transient drunk.

You knew better now.

The house was one of Penny's domains.

Another place to hunt, to feed.

You can feel the rope slipping out of your fingers. You grasp it hard, relishing the burn of the rope upon your fingers; it's like an anchor to reality, to *sanity*. Then, upon impulse, your feet are leaving the ground, pushing imprints of your toes into the dirt as you hoist yourself up, and you hook your legs through the tire, wincing at the heat of the rubber against your skin.

And you're swinging, your sundress rucked up around your thighs, your legs propelling you higher, and *higher*. You grasp the curve of the tire with one arm, the other twined around the rope, and you throw back your head, your mouth agape with a delighted smile, your tousled hair streaming in your wake.

The sunlight winks through the leafy branches above, dappling the tanned skin of your throat, your arms, and you let out a shout of genuine laughter as the swing begins to turn, to spin, turning the world into a blur of earthy colours around you. Eventually, it runs out of momentum and you allow it to slow, dipping your head so that your hair obscures your vision, just for a moment.

The swing is drifting upon its axis, creaking back and forth, and you rest your head against the rubber, lulled by the moment, your eyes closed against the glare of the sun.

And then, you come to an abrupt halt, the rope hissing and stuttering; like when you were a kid on the swings in the park, and you'd swing so high, *too* high, and then your father would grab hold and dig his heels into the ground, towing you down from the sky.

You brush your hair from your face, craning your neck to look behind you, and then a pair of hands sweep playfully over your eyes. A raucous chuckle cuts through the silence, warm breath blowing against the nape of your neck.

"Guess who?"

A pair of *gloved* hands.

"Hmm. Who could it be? I really don't have a clue." You sigh, drumming your fingers upon the rubber, a smile tilting the corners of your mouth, "The big bad wolf?"

The hands are gone. The swing spins wildly, one, *twice*, and then you are face-to-face with Derry's very own big bad wolf.

Big bad *clown*.

Pennywise, his gloved hands planted on the tire, on either side of your head.

And, *oh man*, his smile would put that old fairytale wolf to *shame*, and the sight immediately sets your thighs to quivering. You just know that you won't need much teasing this time around; you already feel wet and open for him, as though you're about to cum in your panties. How many of your ex-boyfriends would have killed for this?

The ability to bring you to the point of orgasm, with nothing but a smile...

Wouldn't think he'd only fucked you yesterday, by the way you're behaving. You're wriggling on the spot, like a happy puppy, a happy little *bitch*, eager for a stroke from her master. You can hear the pounding of your blood at your temples, the whistling of your breath.

It's the heat, you think once again, trying to ignore the relentless ache at your core, *It's this damn heat making me crazy*.

"What're you doin' up there, baby?"

The clown smirks, his hands moving to grasp at your knees. He glides a gloved finger across an old scar upon your left knee and you shiver at his touch, at the intimacy of it all.

I'm knitting you a scarf, for fall.

The sardonic response is ready upon the tip of your tongue, but you bite it back, and your voice comes out in a husky whisper, "Push me, Daddy."

Penny chuckles, taking hold of the tire in both hands, and then he sends you *soaring*, with one hard thrust, and again and again, until you're breathless with laughter and exhilaration, pointing your bare toes towards the sky. Eventually, he brings the swing to a skittering halt, wrapping his strong arms around your waist to pull you down to

him, and you waver against him, light-headed and trembling.

“You okay, {y/n}?”

You laugh unsteadily, feeling almost drunk, “Yeah, I’m fine, Pen. Just a little dizzy.” You pull away, smiling, but your legs are shaking and you stumble, almost falling against the swing.

“C’mere.” Penny sweeps you into his arms, carrying you towards the trailer, as though it’s your wedding night and you are his blushing bride.

His little wifey.

As always, the thought sends you into a paroxysm of guilty lust. Penny can feel it, can sense it, and he growls, clutching you against his chest.

You feel so fragile in his arms; the careful way he holds you, as though you are some precious thing, something to be cherished and cosseted. His hands are cupped around your thighs, his fingers splayed across your ass, and you could almost forget that those hands have *claws*.

Claws for slashing, for rending meat, for murdering and devouring.

Nightmarish things, growing from his fingertips, to strike fear into the hearts of the children of Derry.

You push the thought away, reaching for his face, turning his chin down to you. He raises an eyebrow in silent question and you smile, pursing your lips. Penny obliges, stooping to press a hard kiss against your mouth, his tongue forcing entrance, smearing your pale lipstick, and then you are being hoisted up, so that your chest is flush against his, and your limbs are wrapped around him. You curl your legs around his waist as the kiss deepens, becoming desperate and almost violent. The clown grinds against you, his hips rolling, and you gasp, plunging your fingers into his bright red hair.

It’s bold of you, perhaps too bold, and you’ll probably get a good slapping for it, later, but you don’t care.

Penny breaks the kiss, his heavy-lidded gaze flickering over your face, drinking you in; your flushed cheeks, your hazy eyes, your breath coming in shuddering pants. He smiles, bringing his hand to your mouth. Emboldened by your earlier impudence, you nip his finger between your teeth and pull your head back, gently tugging the glove from his hand. Smirking, he slides his bare finger between your lips. You swirl your tongue across the invading digit, sucking it into your mouth, down to the knuckle.

Penny grunts, his hips juddering, his voice low and rough, “Not gonna make it to the trailer, doll. Not if you keep doin’ that.”

You pull away, his finger slipping from your mouth with a loud *pop*. You shrug, your own voice little more than a breathy sigh, “Don’t care. Need you. Need you *now*, Penny. *Daddy*.”

The clown murmurs an obscenity, his hands cupping the swell of your ass, beneath that flimsy sundress, “Such a good slut, for Daddy. Pennywise’s little slut. What are you?”

You garble the words against his shoulder, in a disjointed string of gasps. Penny stops, tangling his fingers into your hair, and yanks your head back, forcing you to look into his bright blue eyes.

“Say it again. Say it, doll.”

You take a deep breath, your eyes stinging with tears from the pain, “I’m your slut, I’m Pennywise’s little slut. Only yours, forever.”

The clown releases his grip upon your hair, smiling faintly, “That’s my girl.” He carries you back to the treeline, smirking as you writhe against him, frantic for his touch. Chuckling fondly, he swats your backside and then grips you tightly against him, preventing you from moving, “You want it out here, slut? Want me to fuck you bloody, out here in the dirt? Oh, you filthy little clown-bitch...”

You yelp as he thrusts you away from him, and your back suddenly comes to rest against the nearest tree trunk, the coarse bark rasping though the light chiffon of your dress, scraping your skin. In the back of your mind, you just know that you’ll be covered in scratches by tomorrow morning, and probably covered in bruises and bite-marks

too, but you're too far gone to complain.

Penny looks down at you, panting against the tree. He pulls away, until the only thing preventing you from falling on your ass is the desperate lock of your thick thighs around his waist.

"Please, Pen..."

You grab at the lapels of his clown-suit, trying to pull him against you, but he grabs at your wrists, squeezing until you let out a pained cry, and then he pins your arms against the tree trunk, above your head, and lunges down to claim your mouth again.

This is risky, being out here in the woods. *Anyone* could come across you, pinned against a tree by a ravening clown-thing. But Penny has ways of going undetected, secret ways, and he is a shape shifter. If he doesn't want anyone to see him, to see him with *you*, then you can be sure that they won't...and, if by chance someone *did* see you, that poor soul would be leaving the woods without their eyeballs. If, indeed, they were lucky enough to ever left the woods again. You couldn't stop him. No chance. Besides, there is a part of you, a *horrible* part of you that would not *want* to stop him. Not if it meant that he would have to stop *kissing* you, to stop *grinding* against you...

The entire Derry police force could parade through this clearing, right now, and you wouldn't give a fuck, not when Penny is looking at you like *that*, with those fiery blue eyes.

Looking at you like he wants to eat you alive.

You hear the sound of a zipper and you look down, just in time to see his cock sliding out, hard and thick against the apex of your thighs, smearing clear fluid across your skin. Penny takes hold of it, grasping his shaft, and he rubs against your cunt, the fat purple head gliding between your folds.

"You want this, babydoll?" He breathes into your ear, his tongue darting out to lap at your jawline, "You want this thick clown-meat inside you, stretching out that little pussy?"

"Mmhmm." You can't manage anything more than a

Penny's claws extend, ripping through the glossy material of his remaining glove. He sinks his fingers into you, those talons digging into your fleshy hips, "I asked you a question, slut, and I expect an answer. Do you want my dick? Do you want to get fucked? Start talkin', or I'll just have to tie you up and give myself a good old-fashioned wank, right in front of you. I'll blow my load all over your stupid face, {y/n}, and that's all the cum you'll get until you show me that you deserve it. You hear me, baby?"

You nod frantically, pawing at his back, "Oh please, *please* Daddy, I want your cock so bad. Fuck me hard, please, oh *fuck*, please..."

"Well." Penny chuckles darkly, "Since you asked so nicely." He glides into your cunt, slowly, *torturously*, and it seems an eternity before he is finally inside of you, balls-deep. You rest your forehead against his shoulder, both of you breathing hard. The clown presses a kiss against your hair, his voice rasping, hoarse with the effort of holding himself in check, "Oh, I'm gonna fuck you raw, {y/n}. You ready?"

You barely have a chance to nod your assent before he pulls out, *all the way out*, only to surge back into you, his hips snapping viciously. You cry out, your fingers clutching at his shoulders as he rides you, your head thrown back against the tree trunk behind you.

At first, his strokes are brutal but measured, and you know that he is trying to deny you, to stave off your pleasure until he sees fit to give it. He can't deny himself though, and he is more than ready to fill you; it isn't long before his thrusts deepen, his pelvis grinding against yours, and then his eyes blaze *red* and his teeth sharpen, the points grazing over your clavicle.

Drawing blood.

"Oh, babydoll." Penny croons, chasing the droplets with his tongue, "Baby, your blood smells so good, *tastes* so good. One of these days, I'm gonna rip you open and turn you inside out, just so I can kiss every inch of you."

His lips move across your throat, hissing obscene endearments between each suck, between each bite, as he follows the erratic thunder of your pulse.

“Wanna kiss your kidneys and your liver...”

You moan, tilting your hips to meet his thrusts.

“Your lungs, your ribcage, your heart...”

Penny reaches down between your bodies, with his gloveless hand. He strokes his thumb across your clit, in time with the pounding of his cock. Harder, faster, deeper, with you moaning and whimpering beneath his touch.

“And then...oh *doll*, and then I’m gonna open up your *cunt*, I’m gonna turn your tight little cunt inside out, and I’ll lick it, I’ll suck it...I’ll *eat* you until you’re *dead*.”

You feel like *are* dying then, with him rubbing circles around your clit, pressing down until you scream his name and clamp down on his cock, cumming for what seems like a lifetime. Then, just as he arches against you, filling you with his strange seed, your vision dims and you blackout, collapsing into a starless, dreamless night.

When you finally come to your senses, you are in the trailer, stretched out upon the couch. There is music playing, on the small transistor radio in the kitchenette; the theme to *Ghostbusters*, by Ray Parker Jr.

“Oh, come on. That’s just not funny.”

‘If there’s somethin’ strange in your neighborhood

Who ya gonna call

Ghostbusters!

If it’s somethin’ weird and it don’t look good

Who ya gonna call

Ghostbusters!’

You sit up, your head reeling, and glance over at the La-Z-Boy. Penny is lounging there, smoking a cigar and reading the local newspaper. At the sound of your voice, he glances up, a devious smirk playing over his white face.

“Well, that’s a first.” He folds the newspaper, eyeing you furtively, “Ain’t never had a woman pass out on me before.”

You roll your eyes, “Must’ve been the heat.”

Penny snorts, “Yeah, I’m obviously too hot to handle.” He moves to sit beside you, on the couch, and you curl against him with a happy murmur. Chuckling to himself, the clown reaches down into the neckline of your sundress, to knead at your breast with strong fingers, “Poor little thing like you can’t keep up with me. Poor little human.”

You swat at his hand, rolling over so that you’re lying across his lap, “I think I’m gonna take a shower, out back. I’m all sweaty.”

He shrugs, wrinkling his red nose, “Hmm, well I didn’t wanna say anything, but you do stink.”

You shove him away, “Ugh! I stink of *you*, so it’s no wonder I need a shower!” Scoffing in mock-outrage, you flounce into the cabin bedroom, to pick up your towel and shampoo. When you come back into the kitchenette, Penny is perusing the contents of the refrigerator, grumbling to himself. Looking at him, you feel your chest tighten, almost painfully. He has stripped to his vest and boxers, and he’s wearing a pair of orange socks, held up with a pair of those ridiculous garters.

Well, that’s new.

From the neck down, he looks like a middle-aged man, a *human*, with sinewy limbs and a broad chest...and a slight paunch that makes you smile.

And then he straightens, kicking the refrigerator door shut, holding a can of beer in one gloved hand, and the illusion is shattered; you see the bright red hair, the bright red *lips*, the garish white face, and those eldritch blue eyes.

He’s an abomination.

He’s a monster.

You remember your earlier promise to yourself, that desperate yearning for an escape, for a fresh start. Away from here, away from Derry.

Away from IT.

Penny quirks an eyebrow at you, and you realise that you're just standing there, with one foot out of the door, your towel hanging limply from between your fingers.

"Hey." You sound pathetic and you hate yourself for it. Still, you don't move. You just stand there, lamely, waiting for him to speak. When he doesn't, you muster a smile and hook your towel around your shoulders, "I'm going for a shower."

"Yeah, you already said." He shrugs, turning back to the kitchenette, "Don't stay out there too long, baby. You'll get all pruneey and that creeps me out. You want a beer?"

"Sure, thanks." You wait until his back is turned, until he is rooting around in the refrigerator, and then you clear your throat, "Um... Pen?"

"Mmhmm?"

"What would you say if...if I was to go away, for a while?"

"Away? Away *where*, {y/n}?"

You choose your words carefully, schooling your features into a nonchalant expression, "Oh, I dunno. Upstate, maybe. Just for a few weeks."

Penny doesn't speak. He's still in the refrigerator, although you're pretty certain that he isn't looking for the beer anymore. You force yourself to stay calm, even though every muscle in your body is screaming, ready to throw the towel and the shampoo and run off into the woods.

"So...what do you think?"

Why am I even asking him?

It's not like he's my boyfriend, is it?

I don't need his permission, damn it!

Finally, he emerges, moving across the room towards you. His face is a white mask, revealing nothing.

You brace yourself, resisting the urge to close your eyes and fall to your knees. If you're going to die, you want to die standing, fighting, with your eyes wide open.

And then, he hands you a can of beer, his blue eyes scanning your face. You take it, hoping that he doesn't notice that your hand is shaking. He reaches out, his fingers curling into your hair. You keep your eyes fixed on his, trying not to flinch.

"You runnin' away, babydoll?"

"Nuh-no!" It comes out in a stammer, vehement and defensive, and you inwardly curse yourself. Placing the beer upon the nearest surface, you place a soothing hand upon his shoulder, "No, I'm *not*, I just want to get out of Derry for a while. Spend some time with one of my old college friend in Providence, maybe. I haven't seen her in about two years, but we write to each other all the time, and she asked if I wanted to visit. I *need* a vacation, Pen. You *know* how hard I've been working lately, how my boss has been breaking my ass, and I just..."

He shakes his head, smiling ruefully, "You don't have to explain yourself to me, {y/n}. You do whatever you want. I mean, I'm not sayin' that I'm not gonna...*miss you*, I guess, but you'll be back, won't you?"

You nod wildly, trying to keep the triumph from your voice, "Oh *yeah*, yeah of *course* I will, and I'll...I'll miss you too, Pen, but honestly, I'll be back before you know it."

"Good."

He strokes your hair, running his fingers through your curls, and then he leans in, to a light kiss against your jaw. You smile, your pulse fluttering...but, when he looks at you, his eyes are red and yellow and *blazing*, and his teeth are *sharp*, so *fucking* sharp, and his voice is deep and dark and it rattles through your bones, right down to the marrow.

“Because you’re *mine*, {y/n}. Forever and ever, remember? And I’d *hate* to have to come lookin’ for you, babydoll. And I don’t think those nice folks in Providence would appreciate it either, do you? Especially if I have to grab a few light snack while I’m down there.”

He roars insane laughter, fixing you with that awful searing gaze, and then he *smiles*, and he is your *Penny* again, with bright blue eyes and a rough Bronx accent.

“Go on, run along now. Have your shower, babydoll, and make sure you come back all nice and squeaky clean for ol’ Pennywise.”

You nod shakily, clutching the towel to your breast, feeling tears spring into your eyes, threatening to spill down your pink cheeks.

I’m never gonna get out of Derry.

Shit. I am well and truly fucked.

Penny is lounging in his chair, his feet propped up, with the newspaper spread across his lap. He winks at you and makes an ushering gesture, sending you out to the shower. You manage a smile, moving towards the door once again, and then you turn to him, forcing back the unshed tears.

Well, {y/n}. Might as well make the best of it.

“I brought Pacman. You wanna play? Later, I mean. I want to see if I can whoop your ass again, clown.”

Penny smirks, popping the tab on his beer, “Bring it on, babydoll.”

Outside, you stand in the shower, allowing the lukewarm water to wash away the sweat and the cum, and the *tears*, the tears rolling down your face. You’re done crying by the time the water has ran out; time to put on your game face and get on with it.

You can hear Pennywise humming to himself; that old calliope melody again.

Strange, and yet, so familiar now.

Familiar and comforting.

Cold comfort but, what the hell, you'll take it.

You head inside, whistling along to Penny's tune.